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THE
TEARS OF BRITANNIA:
A
SOLEMN APPEAL
TO
ALL HER SONS
AT THIS
TREMENDOUS JUNCTURE:
A
P O E M

ADDRESSED TO
The FIRST LORD of the ADMIRALTY,
The COMMANDERS of the MILITIA,
AND THE
GREAT TRADING BODY of this KINGDOM.

BRITONS awake! revenge your Country's Cause,
Revere your KING, defend your STATE and LAWS.

*Non illi imperium pelagi, magnūque tridentem,
Sed mihi sorte datum.* VIRG.

L O N D O N:

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M.DCC.LXXIX.

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A D V E R T I S E M E N T

T O T H E

R E A D E R.

TH E following Lines were compos'd merely with a View of rousing the Spirits of my Countrymen, and of stimulating them into a decent Sense of their present calamitous Situation. The Fate of *England* now apparently depends on these two Circumstances; Courage and Unanimity. It requires not the Foresight and Inspiration of a Prophet to pronounce her Downfal the Instant she loseth her Superiority by Sea. *Delenda est Carthago* was the true constitutional Doctrine of old *Rome*; the speedy Humiliation of the *French* Fleet is the true constitutional Doctrine of this Kingdom. In this Point should center all our Views, in this Resolve every Nerve of Government should labour unremittingly. The Loss of *America* is a Feather in the Scale of this much more important Consideration, the Magnitude and Ability of the *French* Fleet. On this Principle the POEM is constructed, and is a Persuasive to manly Conduct and vigorous Measures. The Author hath not a single Grain of Prejudice in Disfavour of any one Individual concerned in the Affair of the twenty-seventh of *July*, but was distressed with all his loyal Countrymen that the Success of that Day did not turn out more adequate to the sanguine Expectations rais'd on that Occasion. He doth not presume to say that more might have been done, but thinks it a melancholy Reflection for *England*, that more was not done. As a Man who feels for his Country, he could not but think it ominous to her Welfare, that *France* should so suddenly emerge from the Ruins of the last War, from the Grave of Destruction should so suddenly start up so formidable in her Marine, as to dare even to face a *British* Fleet confessedly the best fitted out, and the best accomplished this Nation ever sent out. If all our Admirals exerted themselves to the utmost of their Power, to take, burn, sink, and destroy the *French* Fleet, how heavy must the Curses of this Country fall on its Governors, for not endeavouring to crush this Hydra of Destruction in its Infancy, before it grew to so tremendous a Bulk. That *Englishmen* should behave themselves bravely, and like Men, is nothing new: But the Necessity of the Times, the Peculiarity of our present Situation, require that we should be more than Men, that we should have uncommon Exertions; and the general Naval History of this Nation will convince every impartial Reader

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that this is no extravagant *outrée* Expectation. The *British* Sailors have ever fought with an Enthusiasm of Courage, with a Feelingness of Superiority that hath long made them the Terrour and Wonder of the World. It is their Creed to believe themselves invincible. The Moment that this commendable Prepossession, this honest Predilection forsakes them, ceases to operate on their Minds, that Moment may be fatal to the very Existence of this Nation as a great commercial Nation. The Author is no Party Man, he freely censures Administration for Want of Spirit, for timid undecisive Conduct; to this Want of Spirit how many of our Misfortunes may be imputed!

Ex illo fluere, et retro sublapsa referri

Res Danaum.

He is acquainted with many Men in Opposition, whose Characters he reveres, and whose Principles he is satisfied are perfectly constitutional: But there are Individuals in that Line he dares not commend, and whose Views he deems inimical to the true Interest of this Country. The POEM opens with a Speech of BRITANNIA lamenting the Degeneracy of her Sons, and the evident Declension of that great enterprising Spirit that lately, very lately, so eminently distinguished them above all other Powers; by commemorating the glorious Exploits of their Ancestors and Deeds of high Renown, she endeavours to awaken in them that noble Consciousness of Superiority (particularly by Sea) which hath ever been the first and striking Feature of the *English* Character. She strongly urges the Importance of Trade and Navigation, and shows the Inconsequence and Petitesse of this Island, if once unfortunately deprived of them; most passionately exhorts her distracted Sons to forget their Feuds and Animosities, and cordially to unite in one great and then invincible Phalanx, against the common Enemy; is wounded, deeply wounded, at the humiliating Thought of *France* presuming to contest the Empire of the Main with her. The Multiplicity of accumulated Misfortunes that have successively oppressed her plunge her into the deepest Despair; but recovers her Spirits and finds her Hopes revive at the steady and martial Appearance of her Militia; dwells with singular Felicity and Confidence on this great National Establishment; and, secure in her own Resources, laughs at the vain Gasconade of a *French* Invasion, concluding not with the Despondency she began with, but with her usual Importance and Forebodings of Success.

THE
TEARS OF BRITANNIA.

AS on the wave-beat Beach with pensive Mien
BRITANNIA musing sat, old Ocean's Queen,
Revolving in her Mind her alter'd Fate,
Her waning Honour, and declining State;
Of her degenerate Sons the blasted Fame
Rose to her View, and flush'd her Cheeks with Shame.
Bare was her Bosom to the beating Gale,
Her Tresses loose, and rent her azure Veil.
The Laurel which of late luxuriant spread,
It's ample Foliage o'er her stately Head,
From her sad Brow, she pluck'd with stern Disdain,
And thus in mournful, melancholy Strain
Breath'd out her Sorrows to the list'ning Main:

“ Not all the Virtues of the *Brunswick* Line,
“ Which in one Mirrour now collected shine,
“ Not all my golden Dreams of brighter Days,
“ Exploits of high Renown, and Deeds of Praise;
“ Not all my former Triumphs can efface
“ From my pierc'd Soul the deep-impres'd Disgrace;

- " The painful Memory, when o'er my Wave
 " Insulting *France* dar'd *England's* Navy brave;
 " Dar'd meet the boasted Lion of the Deep,
 " And without Homage o'er the Ocean sweep,
 " Hurling Defiance, dar'd the Battle wage,
 " Dar'd Man to Man oppose, and Ship with Ship engage.
 " With not one Trophy to record the Day,
 " No Laurel gather'd in the doubtful Fray,
 " No Glory sparkling in the Sailors Eye,
 " No Tongue to boast of Feats of Victory,
 " The drooping War-Ship, now no longer strong,
 " Drags like a wounded Snake her maim'd Length along;
 " Idly intent to gain its native Shore,
 " Sent out to take an Airing, and no more.
 " Whilst gazing Passengers along the Strand,
 " With Joy elate, and with uplifted Hand,
 " Ask for the Ship which boasting *Charters* bore,
 " But soon, alas! their ill-tim'd Zeal deplore.
 " Where was the Genius of the Island fled?
 " Where slept the Spirit of the mighty Dead?
 " That daring Spirit which inflam'd a *Drake*?
 " Made Nations shudder, and whole Realms to quake?

" That daring Spirit which so oft hath hurl'd
 " Death to the Foe, and Terror through the World?
 " What curst Dæmon in malignant Hour,
 " Made us so soon forget a *Chatham's* Power?
 " That Power which brandish'd with *Herculean* Arm,
 " Spread Conquest, pale Dismay, and dread Alarm
 " O'er the wide Globe; *France* felt the avenging Rod,
 " And *Europe* trembled at a Statesman's Nod.
 " How are the Mighty fall'n? from what Height
 " Of Splendour sunk! the Sun that shone so bright,
 " And spread so wide such Floods of dazzling Light,
 " Goes gloomy down, and feels approaching Night.
 " Plung'd from the Pinnacle of high Renown,
 " The Standard of our Glory tumbles down;
 " Prone in the Dust, low sunk the high-rais'd Breast,
 " That like a *Babel* rear'd its Giant Crest,
 " Breathing Defiance at the passing Croud,
 " In Words of high Contempt, and Language proud.
 " Whence these unwonted Symptoms of Despair?
 " This meek Forbearance? this unnative Fear?
 " This Dread to sink, to take, to burn, to fight?
 " What could the Masters of the Ocean fright?

THE TEARS OF BRITANNIA.

" Is *Walpole* still alive, and at the Helm *Spain's* gainsb shall T
 " Doth his mean dastard Soul still rule the Realm ?
 " Or doth the Ghost of *Byng* still walk the Main ?
 " To daunt our Courage, and our Rage restrain
 " There was a Time (let kindling Spirits roll,
 " Warm o'er each Breast, let ev'ry *British* Soul
 " Rouse at the glorious Thought) there was a Time,
 " (It shines recorded in immortal Rhyme)
 " There was a Time, when all the Pride of *Spain*,
 " In one huge Fleet roll'd o'er the lab'ring Main,
 " Like a whole Heaven of Clouds, that low'ring stand,
 " In drear Array, a Tempest-pregnant Band,
 " Eager to burst in Thunder o'er the Land :
 " Portentous, dreadful, big with War and Woe,
 " The vast Armada floated with the Foe.
 " While the fond Dream of easy Conquest stood
 " Warm in each *Spaniard's* Heart, and fir'd his Blood.
 " My dauntless *Britons* came, a great-soul'd Few,
 " And wing'd with Vengeance to my Succour flew.
 " Like angry Gods they took the wat'ry Field,
 " They knew no Danger, and they scorn'd to yield.

What could the Masters of the Ocean fight ?

- “ Keen Emulation in each Bosom glow’d,
“ And patriot Feelings ev’ry Heart o’erflow’d.
“ Lavish of Life, and prodigal of Blood,
“ Their ruling Passion was their Country’s Good :
“ The dreadful Battle roars with boist’rous Rage,
“ Heaven, Earth, and Sea, tumultuous all engage ;
“ Flags, Arms, and *Spanish* Carcasses are borne
“ O’er the rough Main, Fragments of Vessels torn,
“ Ride the big Surge, snatch’d by the vengeful Blast,
“ On Shelves and Rocks the bulging Ships are cast.
“ Night, Horror, Slaughter, Desolation, meet,
“ And Winds and Waves conspiring, crush the Fleet.
“ Is *Blake* forgot ? his great undaunted Soul,
“ Made e’en a *Cromwell* great from Pole to Pole :
“ Old *England*’s Glory rung (excuse the Stain
“ Of Usurpation, great was *Cromwell*’s Reign).
“ Could Treason claim the Wreath of honest Fame,
“ Unrivall’d then, O *Cromwell*, were thy Name !
“ Ev’n *Stuart* Blood could dare the Slave of Ease,
“ Though *Charles* to Luxury gave his silken Days,
“ The Bigot *James* forgot the monkish Plan,
“ Was once a Hero, and assum’d the Man.

“ Old Ocean groan’d beneath War’s dreadful Sound,
“ And bleeding *Holland* felt the deep-plung’d Wound :
“ Such were the Dawnings of that glorious Day
“ That shone so fair, and blaz’d with cloudless Ray
“ O’er the fam’d Period of brave *William’s* Reign,
“ Through the bright Links of that illustrious Chain
“ Of num’rous Victories, which o’er *Anna’s* Head
“ Wav’d their broad Plumage, and the Laurel spread.
“ To what a Height of far-diffus’d Renown,
“ How wide, how boundless since, my Fame hath flown ?
“ Let humbled Realms, and wond’ring *Europe* say,
“ Sustain’d and balanc’d by my naval Sway.
“ How must those glorious Spirits droop to hear,
“ Of our poor Shifts and mean unmanly Fear !
“ What must those glorious Spirits taunting say ;
“ The *Drakes* and *Raleighs* of *Eliza’s* Day ?
“ What Indignation now their Souls inflames ?
“ (If ought but Joy can touch ethereal Frames)
“ To see their Sons, now plung’d in Sloth and Ease,
“ Shrink from the Empire of the conquer’d Seas ?
“ Was it for this that with such Godlike Thought,
“ Your great Forefathers so divinely wrought

- “ This well-pois’d Government ; this perfect Plan,
— “ The Pride of Sense, the Master-piece of Man ?
— “ Was it for this their fervent Councils glow’d ?
— “ Was it for this such Seas of Blood have flow’d
— “ Streaming through every Age, to tell the Son,
— “ Boldly to keep the Meed the Father won ?
— “ They fought for *England’s* Good, by Labour train’d,
— “ By Courage flush’d, the Palm of War they gain’d,
— “ No mean Submission, no beseeching Face,
— “ They fought like Heroes, and commanded Peace ;
— “ Rush’d like chaf’d Lions on the trembling Prey,
— “ And urg’d with Joy the Fortune of the Day ;
— “ Ne’er stopp’d in full Career the martial Rage,
— “ To try if *France* would handsomely engage,
— “ And dare the ’Morrow’s Fight ; they saw the Foe,
— “ And dauntless urg’d the well-directed Blow.
— “ They reason’d well, and were too wise to trust
— “ Infidious *Bourbons*, whose unbounded Lust
— “ Of Power still makes them studious to betray,
— “ Base Treachery loves the Night, and shuns the Day.
— “ Soon as the keen-ey’d Eagle wings his Flight,
— “ The frighted Raven seeks the Shade of Night,

- “ When the bold Lion makes the Desert roar,
 — “ Crouch’d in the Brake the Wolf is seen no more.
 — “ The *Gaul* by Stratagem maintains the Fight,
 — “ His greatest Triumph’s always in his Flight;
 “ What then, my thoughtless Sons, can rouse your Fire,
 “ Excite your Vengeance, and your Souls inspire?
 “ What nobler Cause can call your Lightnings forth?
 “ Your Thunders wake, and claim your manly Worth,
 “ Than this? Your well-earn’d Empire of the Main
 “ The *French* dispute, and treat you with Disdain:
 “ What nobler Cause, your old insidious Foe
 “ Aims at your Vitals the destructive Blow;
 “ Combines with Rebels, and your Islands takes,
 “ Whilst palsied *England* like a Changeling shakes;
 “ For, O! it much imports you, ’tis your All;
 “ No greater Curse can this sunk Isle befall,
 “ No greater Curse can Heaven in Vengeance send,
 “ (Avert it then, and still be Heaven our Friend)
 “ Than Loss of Trade, and an unactive Fleet,
 “ In these two Curses twice ten Thousand meet.
 “ Let not the Miser watch his ill-got Store,
 “ Not with more Joy his hidden Gold explore,

- " Let not the Lover view his beauteous Bride,
 " With warmer Rapture, more ecstasick Pride,
 " Than you your Trade and Fleet ; be jealous here,
 " Here spend your Treasure, here exhaust your Care.
 " In Intercourse, be affable, be just,
 " Fond of your Honour, faithful to your Trust ;
 " In Manners polish'd, and with Sense well-bred ;
 " With honest Heart, and cool discerning Head ;
 " Be Candour, Truth, and Modesty your Guide ;
 " Let *Britons* fear their God, but none beside ;
 " But on the Sea, be terrible, be bold,
 " And proud as *Neptune* the grasp'd Trident hold ;
 " Plac'd in this Wave-fenc'd Spot by Heaven's great Law,
 " *Europe* to balance, and the World to awe ;
 " 'Tis Nature's Mandate, Fate's supreme Decree,
 " *Britons* alone are on the Ocean free ;
 " Whoe'er offends you there, let Vengeance ride
 " Swift as the Wind to crush the crested Pride
 " Of such insulting Power that scorns to greet,
 " With Homage due your awe-commanding Fleet :
 " Make every Vessel bend, make every State,
 " BRITANNIA hail, and own her Monarch great.

90 THE TEARS OF BRITANNIA

" This is true Glory, this the Road to Fame,
 " This, if we are Britons, yet we still must claim;
 " Did not high Heaven of old the Law ordain,
 " When to this Ill the gave the ambient Main?
 " That this great Empire of wide-spread Command,
 " On the strong Base of Courage firm should stand
 " To latest time, but should that Courage stoop,
 " Should Manhood sink, and our crush'd Spirits droop,
 " Should dastard Fear o'er our struck Chiefs prevail,
 " In vain we spread our once victorious Sails
 " In vain we boast our *Burnaby* and *Hawke*,
 " Hist'ry in vain with loud-tongu'd Triumph talks
 " Of gallant Seamen born in happier Days,
 " When Honour charm'd, when Bravery held Praise:
 " On thee, O *Sandwich*, equal to the Weight,
 " Now rests thy anxious Country's naval Fate;
 " Able thou art, and worthy to preside,
 " *Brunswick* vouchsafes to choose thee for his Guide,
 " Envy in spite of Faction shall declare
 " Thy Labours honest, and thy Toils sincere;
 " To serve thy Country, Men like thee must feel
 " For decent Fame, and love the publick Weal:

" BRITANNIA calls thee by her dearest Claim,
 " Her wounded Honour, and her injur'd Fame;
 " She calls thee by the Genius of the Deep,
 " (Let not Attention o'er the Summons sleep)
 " Cherish the Fleet, her drooping Spirit raise,
 " Let Confidence excite to Deeds of Praise:
 " Still let our Sailors think they need but dare,
 " And Courage soon the Vict'ry shall declare.
 " This was the Breed of old, on this firm Ground
 " Our Fathers fought, and were with Conquest crown'd;
 " They justify'd their Faith by manly Deed,
 " And made proud France with all her Sons to bleed;
 " Then shalt thou live, when those gay tawdry Things,
 " The painted Butterflies with filken Wings;
 " The B——s and F——s of the flaunting Day,
 " Shall sink in Dust, and all their Pride decay,
 " Wrapt in Oblivion's everlasting Shade,
 " Forgot their Flights, and all their vain Parade.
 " Then shalt thou live, thy Country to thy Praise
 " Grateful, the Column of Applause shall raise.
 " What though some Foibles in thy Scale are thrown
 " By frolick Nature? Merit weighs them down;

" What though the Vengeance of an angry Bard
 " (Who little did the Decencies regard)
 " With the fell Tomahawk of Satire curst,
 " O'er thy good Name like a rough Tempest burst
 " In Thunder, Light'ning, and with pelting Rain;
 " Wrapt up the Malice of his partial Strain.
 " If ought that happens on this Scene below,
 " Can touch departed Souls, or Joy, or Woe,
 " Conscious of Spleen and Prejudice too late,
 " *Churchill* himself would own a *Sandwich* great.
 " *Britons* awake! revenge your Country's Cause,
 " Revere your King, defend your State and Laws;
 " Recall past Times, with grateful Mem'ry dwell
 " On those bright Days, when Glory rung the Knell
 " Of Heroes dying for their Country's Weal,
 " Lavish of Blood, and prodigal of Zeal.
 " What will not Courage dare? read Hist'ry's Page,
 " Peruse the Records of long-circling Age,
 " Courage with Virtue join'd makes Nations great,
 " The Master-pillars of a well-pois'd State;
 " A Soul well settl'd on this Base complete,
 " Fortune defies and laughs at angry Fate;

- " To Death or Conquest, wings her Eagle Flight,
 " And with a Bridegroom's Rapture courts the Fight,
 " Old *England's* Fame spread wide for Deeds of War,
 " Great *Cæsar* trembled at the Scythe-hung Car.
 " At Honour's Call e'en Queens have learn'd to dare,
 " The *Romans* dreaded a *Bonduca's* Spear.
 " Proud *Spain's* Armada scatter'd o'er the Main,
 " Proclaims the Triumphs of *Eliza's* Reign;
 " And bleeding *France* still tells with wond'rous Fraught,
 " How *Anne* commanded, and how *Marlbro'* fought.
 " Heroic Virtue is by Action tried,
 " Men who have died in Fight have nobly died.
 " Sweet smell their Names along the Walks of Time,
 " The Muse embalms them with the Flowers of Rhyme;
 " Their Country grateful in a worthy Cause,
 " Breathes the rich Incense of well-earn'd Applause;
 " They shine Examples to succeeding Age,
 " Awaken Courage, rouse the martial Rage,
 " Excite to Love of Fame, inspire our Youth,
 " And show that Honour's Paths are Paths of Truth;
 " One Hour of Life well-spent, is worth whole Years
 " Of lazy Time spun out in trifling Cares;

" Who would not rather be *Achilles* dead,
 " Than old *Tibonus* drawn to Life's last Thread,
 " With every Sense defunct? None can remain,
 " None but the unhappy Sense of feeling Pain;
 " The brave Man claims Renown; the Meed of Fame
 " Is the bright Pension of a worthy Name.
 " The Worldling damn'd to toil is never sped,
 " Despis'd when living, and forgot when dead;
 " Life without Spirit, Body without Soul,
 " Through Time's dull Race, his Days unnotic'd roll;
 " He eats, drinks, sleeps, the Hour's laborious Slave,
 " Unlov'd, unpity'd, drops into the Grave:
 " Shame on such Beings! when disastrous Fate
 " Browns like an angry Meteor o'er the State.
 " All should unite, one great-directing Soul,
 " One daring Spirit should inspire the whole;
 " Oft to the Bold the Victory is given,
 " To dare is Man's, the rest belongs to Heaven.
 " With Poppies crowned in his sequester'd Cell,
 " Why slumbers ——? when tolls the parting Knell
 " Of *England's* Fame? her Race of Glory run,
 " The Shadow's Length'ning of her setting Sun:

- " What bland oblivious Draught of *Lethe's* Stream
 " Hath lull'd the Nation? what soul-quenching Dream
 " Hath steep'd the Land? are *Britons* sunk so low?
 " Can no Incitements make their Courage glow?
 " Are they so weaken'd in the Lap of Ease?
 " Can no Ambition now their Spirit raise?
 " Unhappy Country! though like *Pharoah* great,
 " Like him thou'rt doom'd to feel Heav'n's keenest Hate,
 " Like his thy Blindness, and like his thy Fate.
 " The Plagues of blund'ring Statesmen harass more
 " This vexed Isle, than did the fretful Sore
 " Of angry Broil, with all the croaking Store
 " Of Frogs and Lice, that *Egypt* did oppress,
 " The Danger not so great, the Vengeance less.
 " Nations have oft by Conquest been undone,
 " And Kingdoms ruin'd by the Battle won:
 " Crush'd by their own vast Weight have Empires fell,
 " This dreadful Truth, let *Rome*, let *Carthage* tell;
 " This dreadful Truth, let late-taught *Britain* know,
 " Trust to her wooden Walls, and spurn the Foe:
 " To this sure Creed with steadfast Faith resort,
 " Her Navy is old *England's* best Support.

" Then cherish this, this vast almighty Pow'r,
 " By lavish Nature given as a Dow'r
 " To this fam'd Isle, our Glory to defend,
 " To quell proud Nations, and make Tyrants bend;
 " Dominion to expand from Pole to Pole,
 " As far as Winds can blow, or Waters roll;
 " Should this great Master-Pillar once give way,
 " Should the huge Fabrick feel the least Decay,
 " Soon slacken'd quite, and in Convulsions broke,
 " Unable to survive the dreadful Stroke;
 " Our Fame would sink, our Glory tumble down,
 " And vanish all the Splendours of the Crown;
 " And *England* hast'ning to th' inglorious Fate,
 " Where mighty Realms have sunk, though once as great;
 " Her falling Honours prostrate in the Dust,
 " Would like a Bubble on the Ocean burst;
 " Of Wealth, and Trade, and Industry despoil'd,
 " What is this Country but a dreary Wild?
 " *Egypt* without her *Nile*, would cheerless stand,
 " A dismal Waste, a desert fruitless Land;
 " Heaven seldom there in genial Rain descends,
 " No balmy Show'r the parched Soil befriends:

- " But should the God propitious to the Prayer
 " Of his warm Vot'ries, with indulgent Care,
 " Pour the rich Torrent o'er the thirsty Plain,
 " The Verdure spreads, shoots out the golden Grain,
 " Big with the Fat of *Æthiopian* Hills,
 " O'er the glad Globe the buxom Wave distils;
 " Harvests on Harvests crowd the teeming Year,
 " And lavish Nature swells with pregnant Cheer;
 " *England* with Trade, is *Egypt* with her Nile,
 " The Streams of Commerce fertilize the Isle;
 " In rich luxuriant Plenty largely bring
 " Wealth to the Subject, Glory to the King.
 " We taste the swarthy *Indians* spicy Spoil,
 " Without the burning Mischief of the Soil;
 " We flaunt in *Persian* Silks without the Rod,
 " That makes the *Sophi* dreadful as a God;
 " In proud *Golconda's* sparkling Gems we shine,
 " Without the slavish Labour of the Mine.
 " From wasting Flux, and Calenture secure,
 " We eat the Fruits which keener Suns mature;
 " The Riches of their Land the *Spaniards* bring,
 " No Inquisition join'd, no despot King.

" See ! soft voluptuous *Indulge* supply, But should the God propitious
 " Fruits of a warmer Climate, and bluer Sky; Of his warm V
 " Without her Pope, her Monk, her Bigot Train, Pour the
 " That spreads the Night of Superstition's Reign, The V
 " The World's our own by Trade, to this small Spot, Big
 " The whole World's brought, and parcel'd out by Lot; O
 " Should this blest Stream another Channel take, H
 " And in Disgust old Father *Thames* forsake, A
 " Should Want of Spirit let this Treasure go, Eng
 " And in another Tract luxuriant flow, The streams of
 " Farewel to all our Greatness ! farewel all In rich luxuriant
 " Our proud Ideas ! with tremendous Fall Wealth to the
 " The Column of our Fame would tending break, We
 " And bursting Credit to her Center shake. Without the
 " As some huge Cliff that long hath cumbrous stood We
 " With craggy Front projecting o'er the Flood, There
 " On whose proud Top for many a length'n'd Age, In
 " The forest Oak hath brav'd the mingl'd Rage Without the
 " Of angry Heav'n, when roar'd the dreadful Storm, From
 " When scowling Skies the Welkin black deform, We
 " By Time, by Wind, by Tempest, brake at last, The
 " Torn from its Seat, the pond'rous Pile is cast, No

" Prone on the dashing Wave with dreadful Roar, " To thee O
 " Thund'ring it falls, and shakes the trembling Shore; " Thy
 " One universal Ruin buries all, " Though the
 " The lofty Beach, proud Elm, and Cedar tall, " Though
 " In the drear Havock sunk, uprooted fall, " Thy better
 " Thus should my Credit fail, should that huge Rock " A spot
 " Of funded Int'rest feel the bursting Shock, " May the
 " Of Desolation, should the Base give way, " Caught
 " On which the Fabrick stands, should that decay, " Of
 " With horrid Devastation whirl'd along, " Dashed
 " What Heaps of Ruin would the Downfal throng! " From
 " The King, the Merchant, Labourer, and Peer, " The
 " With mingl'd Loss the gen'ral Wreck would share " What
 " Hail! Father *Thames*, to thee her dearest Friend, " What
 " With holy Reverence see old *England* bend, " I will
 " She loves the Sparkling of thy lucid Waves, " How
 " (Ne'er may'st thou wash a Land of willing Slaves) " Room
 " If ought immortal can be giv'n by Fate, " What
 " Immortal here, O Freedom, be thy Seat; " Bid
 " Still on thy Bosom let rich Commerce ride, " The
 " And spreading Sails still crowd thy swelling Tide. " Shall

" Complain'd with how you call this once fair Land? " Die

" To thee of noble Rivers yet the King,
 " May the glad World her choicest Products bring:
 " Though the proud *Tagus* teem'd with Beds of Gold,
 " Though Mines of Wealth were down *Pactolus* roll'd,
 " Thy better Boast, O *Thames*, is boundless Trade,
 " A Spring that never fails, a Flow'r that ne'er can fade,
 " May the same Soul prevail, that on thy Banks
 " Caught the brave Flame, and fir'd the kindling Ranks
 " Of many a Baron bold in Freedom's Cause:
 " Dauntless they stood, and battl'd for the Laws
 " From a proud tyrant King with Vengeance stung,
 " The Charter of our Freedom sternly rung:
 " What Struggles hast thou seen, what fierce Debate,
 " What rude Convulsions of unbalanc'd State,
 " 'Twixt King and People, and th' ambitious Great?
 " How oft hath War with Havock by his Side,
 " Roam'd o'er thy Meads in Blood?—Exulting Pride!
 " What Hosts of Heroes fell? what Battles fought?
 " Ere to the Test of high Perfection wrought,
 " The Mass of Freedom to full Growth was brought,
 " Shall now Rebellion with ferocious Hand,
 " Combin'd with *Bourbon*, crush this once fam'd Land?

- " Shall *England* fall, her own worst deadly Foe,
 " Stabb'd to the Heart by a Domestick Blow?
 " Forbid it Heav'n! let honest Vengeance glow,
 " Let manly Spirit every Breast o'erflow;
 " Let Love of Fame revive, let pale-fac'd Fear,
 " Forsake the Realm, and *Britons* once more dare:
 " The haughty *Gaul* shall curse th' ill-omen'd Hour,
 " When first he durst defy a *Brunswick's* Pow'r.
 " By those great Souls who high in Heav'n's Abodes,
 " Quaff rosy Nectar with immortal Gods;
 " By those great Souls who, born in happier Days,
 " With Step unwearied climb'd the Steep of Praise;
 " Who with a Father's Love, and Patriot's Zeal,
 " Like Guardian Angels watch'd o'er *Britain's* Weal;
 " By those brave Heroes who have fall'n in Fight,
 " To serve their Country, and maintain her Right;
 " Who thought their Lives were gloriously laid down,
 " When bought by Fame, and purchas'd with Renown;
 " By those great Chiefs who dar'd the Battle field,
 " At *Agincourt*, at *Creffy's* Death—clad Field;
 " By *Marlbro's* Ghost who crouded *Blenheim's* Plain,
 " With Hills of Dead, heap'd Mountains of the Slain;

" Made the swoln *Danube* tinctur'd with the Stain;
 " Of bleeding *France* run purple to the Main.
 " By the great Soul of *Wolfe* who fighting died,
 " Contented fell, when Victory was try'd;
 " The last Pang heaving in his throbbing Frame,
 " For *England's* Glory, and his Country's Fame;
 " By all those Worthies of illustrious Deed,
 " Who wear immortal Honour's laurel'd Meed.
 " *Britons* awake! your wonted Port assume,
 " Let glowing Courage shake her martial Plume;
 " Show, that not dead to Manhood's urgent Call,
 " Corruption hath not yet denounc'd your Fall:
 " Say! hath Oblivion from your Mem'ries cast
 " Scenes of old Fame, and Deeds of Glory past?
 " Review we now those Days with Joy no more,
 " When nobly lavish of their generous Gore,
 " *Britons* have done such Feats of blazing Fame,
 " As darken *Grecian*, cloud the *Roman* Name:
 " Old *England's* Genius sparkling in his Eyes,
 " See! from his Tomb the great-soul'd *Charlam* rise;
 " Conjuring all by ev'ry sacred Tie
 " To dare as Men, to conquer, or to die;

- " Conjuring all to feel the Godlike Heat
 " He felt himself, may every Bosom beat
 " With the same Zeal, may ev'ry Briton glow
 " With the same Passion, to subdue the Foe.
 " In the sad Mirror of declining Rome,
 " Full many a venal State may read their Doom;
 " Late, very late, may the disastrous Blow,
 " Fall on my Country, still may she thrive, and grow
 " In Worth, and Spirit, still superior stand
 " To Gallick Fraud, and foul Corruption's Hand.
 " That fam'd Republic planted on the Rock
 " Of broad-bas'd Liberty, against the Shock
 " Of Opposition stood, like a tough Oak,
 " Strong from the Tempest, stouter from the Stroke:
 " From Loss, from Slaughter, from whole Hosts of Foes,
 " Still mightier grew, and more triumphant rose;
 " Whilst round her Virtue's ample Shield was thrown,
 " Immense her Conquest, boundless her Renown.
 " Whilst Merit rul'd, whilst Honesty had Sway,
 " Whilst dauntless Courage led the splendid Way
 " To Fame's bright Dome, the Pile of Empire grew,
 " O'er the whole World her conqu'ring Eagles flew.

" Carthage, her Terror once, in Dust laiddown, grimacing "
 " Subdu'd each Pow'r, and humbl'd every Foe; "
 " The Rage of War was quench'd, the Helm unlac'd, "
 " The plated Greave, and Corset hung unbrac'd; "
 " The lazy War-horse foam'd the fat'ning Field, "
 " Useless the Spear, thrown by the sounding Shield: "
 " In this mild Interval of lenient Ease, "
 " On the smooth Surface of calm Summer Seas; "
 " From vanquish'd *Asia's* soft voluptuous Realm, "
 " Love at the Poop, and Pleasure at the Helm; "
 " The Barge of Luxury full-freighted roll'd, "
 " (The Tackling Silk, the Streamers wav'd with Gold) "
 " And landed in *Hesperia*; in the Throng "
 " Came Mirth, and Revelry, and festive Song; "
 " Came Trip, and Dance, and Lips, and am'rous Wiles, "
 " Soul-melting Sighs, and soft-bewitching Smiles; "
 " On breathing Marble now the Paphian Queen, "
 " First graceful stood with Love-commanding Mien; "
 " Enchanting Musick lent her tuneful Aid, "
 " To melt the Bosom of the panting Maid, "
 " On the warm Canvas Beauty at full Length "
 " Show'd all her Nakedness, and witching Strength: "

" The World's great Victors felt the potent Charms,
 " The Boast of War, the Pomp of martial Arms;
 " Like *Samson* lull'd in *Dalilah's* soft Lap,
 " Shorn of their Vigour, took the luscious Nap
 " Of Love and Indolence; with Conquest drunk,
 " In the dead Calm of prosp'rous Fortune sunk,
 " Sad Virtue droop'd her Head, and spreading wide,
 " Rush'd in Corruption's all-o'erflowing Tide;
 " Like a huge Breach cut by a Russian Hand
 " In fertile *Holland's* Sea-surrounded Land;
 " Through the wide Chasm with loud impetuous Gush,
 " Proud of their Liberty, the Waters rush;
 " Now here, now there, the rapid Ruin pours,
 " Respreads the Vale, and all the Land devours;
 " Flocks, Herds, and Domes, and Fields of golden Grain
 " Are swept impetuous to the roaring Main;
 " One dreadful Desolation covers all;
 " Whole Years of Labour in the Deluge fall:
 " The weeping *Belgian* from some Tower's vast Height,
 " Buried in Sorrow, views the dreary Sight;
 " Corruption thus roll'd her proud Waves along,
 " And broke down ev'ry Fence of Right and Wrong,

“ And one vast Lust crept in ; the Bane of Health,
“ The Lust of boundless Joy, and boundless Wealth.
“ On the soft Bed of wanton Dalliance thrown,
“ The *Roman* Spirit soon was melted down ;
“ In the rich Soil where Industry once spread
“ Her Giant Arms, and rear’d her lab’ring Head,
“ The Weed of Sloth was sown ; with large Increase,
“ It flourish’d wide, and fill’d each vacant Place ;
“ Lapt in sweet Indolence her Rulers doz’d,
“ (And the broad Eye of Government lay clos’d)
“ No longer could the Sword of edgeless Law,
“ Check Insolence, and keep the Knave in awe ;
“ That honest Worth, that Soul-inspiring Zeal,
“ That Godlike Passion for the Publick Weal,
“ Lay buried in the Desert of mean Self,
“ The God that *Rome* ador’d was fordid Pelf ;
“ The Fiend of Party walk’d the croud’d Streets,
“ Like a fierce Bravo bullying all he meets ;
“ Rude Faction roar’d, and with tumultuous Yell,
“ Taught needy Cits and Patriots to rebel ;
“ Discord let loose amongst the giddy Throng,
“ Cry’d Havock, and like Thunder roll’d along :

- " By Pleasure broke, and to Corruption sold,
 " Superbly weak, and impotently bold ;
 " In one huge Mass the Malecontents all flock ;
 " How could the State withstand the mingl'd Shock ?
 " Swift is the Flight of Wealth, with sudden Spring,
 " The Bird of Fortune rises on her Wing ;
 " The hungry Myrmidons of endless Want,
 " The House of Dissipation always haunt :
 " Hence selfish Views, and fordid Love of Gain,
 " Mean Subterfuge, and Fraud's insidious Train ;
 " Hence comes Necessity, and in the Breast,
 " Lulls Honour's drowsy Centinel to rest ;
 " The proud Patrician Palm accepts the Bribe,
 " Nor scorns to mingle with the venal Tribe ;
 " For *Parian* Marble, and for *Tyrian* Dyes,
 " For *British* Oysters, Nightingales Tongue-pies ;
 " They barter'd Freedom, sold their Country's Cause,
 " Their ancient Rights, their Liberties, and Laws ;
 " With Pride, with Lust, with tyrant Passions curst,
 " The best of Men see dwindle'd to the worst.
 " As once in Virtue, now in Vice supreme,
 " Heroes in both, superior to all Shame.

“ To proud Presumption’s rotten Buttress clung,
“ Th’ unbalanc’d State like a loose Cobweb hung
“ Trembling at ev’ry Breeze, the tott’ring Frame
“ Reel’d to and fro; at length Ambition came
“ With her bold Legions, and in angry Hour
“ Pull’d down this *Babel* of gigantick Pow’r.
“ Great was the Fall, as if the whole World burst,
“ Her dying Glories crumbling into Dust;
“ Thus if great Things with small we may compare,
“ Weigh Towns with Empires, Mountains with a Hair;
“ Thus when the Land in rude Convulsions tofs’d
“ On hapless *Lisbon*’s Earthquake-doomed Coast;
“ In Realms of Darknes, in the Womb of Night,
“ Fire, Air, and Water wage the rival Fight.
“ Then rushing forth with loud tremendous Shock,
“ The roaring Mischief rends the bursting Rock;
“ With gaping Desolation wanders round,
“ The Steeples nod, and smokes the flaming Ground.
“ Domes heap’d on Domes, Temples on Temples hurl’d,
“ In one vast Ruin see the City whirl’d;
“ Priests, Lawyers, Merchants, Statesmen, Friends, and Foes,
“ Plunge down together, and in Death repose.

- “ Unable to resist th’ Almighty Force,
“ Uprooted Forests sink, and Rivers change their Course.
“ Prone on the Bosom of the dreary Waste,
“ Her Form destroy’d, her Beauty all defac’d;
“ The Pompous Fabrick sinks, laid low in Pride,
“ In hideous Woe, and Devastation wide.
“ O! *Britons*, O! my Countrymen, beware,
“ Guard well your Hearts, and shun the fatal Snare
“ That sunk the *Roman*; *Romans* once were brave,
“ Like you were free, and scorn’d the Name of Slave;
“ Like you they fought, and fond of Glory’s Charms;
“ Like you undaunted, heard the Clash of Arms;
“ Like you they follow’d Freedom’s ample Plan,
“ Lo! Luxury ends, what manly Worth began.
“ O! Luxury, sure Gulph of wealthy States,
“ What dreadful Havock thy wide Rage creates!
“ In the wild Whirl of thy loose Passions tols’d,
“ What Hosts have sunk, what Millions have been lost?
“ What mighty Kingdoms in thy greedy Deep
“ Have whelming dropt? in thee what Empires sleep?
“ O! worse than Plague, or Pestilence, or War,
“ In thee ten thousand rival Ruins jar.

- “ In thy proud Wave absorb’d, her Pomp o’erthrown,
“ Her Glory quench’d, plung’d lofty *Assur* down,
“ In thee sunk *Cham* and *Elam*’s tow’ring Pride,
“ In thee vain *Greece* and lofty *Rome* subside,
“ Great Kingdoms fall like Men, in Fate’s dark Womb
“ Like man’s is fixt each Empire’s final Doom.
“ This glorious Fabrick, this high-finish’d Frame,
“ This *Gothick* Temple of long-standing Fame,
“ Not the rude Tempest of intestine Jars,
“ Not all the Thunderbolts of foreign Wars,
“ Not lost *America*’s false alien Heart,
“ Not Faction’s Rage, nor subtle Patriot Art,
“ Nor *France*, nor *Spain* united shall destroy,
“ Tho’ the whole World combin’d their Pow’rs employ,
“ Unconquer’d shall it stand the blended Shock,
“ Firm as against the Sea the strong-built Rock,
“ Firm as my own white Cliffs against the Waves,
“ When with loud Roar, my lash’d Sides Ocean laves.
“ Nothing but black Corruption’s felon Hand
“ Shall loose the Cement, and dissolve the Band
“ That holds the State; Corruption’s baneful Pow’r
“ Shall pull down Freedom in ill-omen’d Hour.

- " Britain must sink at last, must kiss the Rod ;
 " Like *Spain* and *Norway*, must obsequious nod
 " At a stern Tyrant's Will, they once were free,
 " Were bold, aspiring, and as proud as we.
 " Long, very long, may Heav'n the Doom suspend,
 " What Courage gain'd, let Courage dare defend ;
 " Let Seas of Blood be spilt, let Havock rage,
 " Let bold Contention fiercest Battle wage,
 " Ere the foul Fiend complete the destin'd Blow,
 " Ere vanquish'd *Britons* sink in vassal'd Woe.
 " Let all the Thunder of the State unite,
 " To quell this Monster, crush her Hydra Might ;
 " Let Reformation with keen searching Hand,
 " Pluck the rank Weeds from the polluted Land.
 " Let Royalty exert her legal Power,
 " The Legislature all her Vengeance pour
 " In penal Statutes, Statesmen guard the Realm ;
 " Let *Palinurus*, wakeful at the Helm,
 " Like the fam'd Dragon o'er th' *Hesperian* Charge,
 " With Zeal and Honesty, his Trust discharge ;
 " Let Dissipation check her restless Rage,
 " And call to *Morals* back the wand'ring Age ;

- “ No more let *Englishmen*, with Passion odd,
“ Their King calumniate, and debase their God;
“ Be Marriage sacred, nor the Fiend of Lust
“ Ride o’er the Land with such a prurient Gust:
“ Let Bishops preach, let Courtiers be sincere,
“ Let Honesty with open Mien appear;
“ Let Candour reign, without insidious Art,
“ Let the Tongue speak the Language of the Heart.
“ Let Faction, like a Madman to the Floor
“ Chain’d down and manac’d, unnotic’d roar.
“ Like raving ——— in Saint *Stephen’s* Walls,
“ When *Hear him, hear him*, Opposition bawls;
“ Let Innocence with modest Blush array’d,
“ Crimson the Cheek of the unpractis’d Maid.
“ Let pure Religion shine with cloudless Light,
“ Free from fanatick Fogs, and popish Night,
“ Let Patriots rail no more, with specious Guile,
“ Betray their Country, and like *Judas* smile,
“ Madly defend a Traitor’s rebel Cause,
“ Trample on Freedom, and insult her Laws.
“ Fed on the virtuous Bread of candid Truth,
“ To manly Enterprize be train’d our Youth.

“ Then shall my *Britons* rise, their Names shall soar
“ On Fame’s broad Wing, and stretch from Shore to Shore;
“ Their Worth be known, their Tide of Glory run,
“ Far as the rising and the setting Sun;
“ What hath been, may be, *Britons* have been Slaves,
“ Tame conquer’d Slaves; what tho’ stern Courage raves
“ At the black Thought? tho’ Freedom lifts her Hands,
“ In History’s Page the dismal Record stands :
“ In two fierce Fights, in *Hastings*’ bloody Field,
“ See! *England* sunk, her vaunted Freedom yield;
“ For which, thro’ many a Century’s length’n’d Chain,
“ *Romans* and *Danes* and *Saxons* fought in vain;
“ In the short Round of two revolving Suns,
“ See! *England* crush’d, and chain’d with all her Sons.
“ The hungry *Norman* seiz’d the dread-struck Isle,
“ And like a Vulture wanton in the Spoil;
“ With fell ferocious Beak her Vitals tore,
“ Thro’ the big Wounds rush’d Floods of spouting Gore.
“ Proud Despotism rear’d her gorgon Head,
“ And wide her Hydras of Oppression spread.
“ Russian Authority with Iron Paw,
“ Broke down the Fence of *Edward*’s lenient Law,

- " His furly Guards, a fierce determin'd Band,
" Like plund'ring Tartars prowld the ravag'd Land.
" With Lightning arm'd, with dreadful Thunder crown'd,
" Like angry Jove he shook the Region roundy,
" Of Freedom, Property, and Arms despoil'd,
" The yoked *Briton* like a Negro toil'd.
" His tillag'd Fields to dreary Forests turn'd,
" With pungent Grief the haras'd Farmer mourn'd.
" And *Proteus*' Tyranny with vary'd Shape,
" All Modes of Torture was alert to ape.
" The trembling Wretches at the Curfew sound,
" With sad dejected Look, and Awe profound,
" Slunk to their sordid Beds, thro' Night's long Gloom,
" Musing on better Times bemoan'd their Doom.
" Sunk on the Bed of Slavery, not long,
" The *Britons* slept, but wak'd by Sense of Wrong,
" Their Courage rous'd, and in propitious Hour
" Shook off the Mountain of despotick Pow'r.
" Lull'd in the Ashes of imperial Sway,
" The Spark of Freedom, not extinguish'd lay,
" But catching Fire with wide expanded Blaze,
" The spreading Flame, feel the whole Kingdom seize.

" From Tyrant *John* our Fathers wrung the Deed
 " Of golden Freedom, Virtue's richest Meed.
 " Reluctant he comply'd, but the firm Band
 " Demand their glorious Birth-right Sword in Hand;
 " Let Virtue keep, what Courage dar'd obtain,
 " For this let *England* bleed in ev'ry Vein.
 " Should e'er Oppression, by false Guides misled,
 " Presume o'er thee to lift her Tyrant Head,
 " Let Opposition rear her manly Crest,
 " And crush the Serpent hissing in its Nest.
 " Thro' the long Sweep of many a rolling Age,
 " Escap'd from tyrant Kings and factious Rage;
 " This Pledge of Liberty, with Doctrine pure,
 " Hath travel'd down, with all her Rights secure.
 " Dilated now in full Dimensions stands,
 " And never flourish'd in more honest Hands.
 " When from venal Courts the black'ning Storm
 " And Vapours rose her Beauty to deform;
 " With vig'rous wholesome Gales and Blessings fraught,
 " Salvation to the Realm the Tempest brought.
 " The Winds of Opposition fiercely beat,
 " And purg'd, and cleans'd the vitiated State;

" Let ev'ry *Briton* kiss the sacred Book
 " With holy Rapture, and with Rev'rence look
 " Into the hallow'd Page, by Heav'n 'twas taught,
 " Kind Inspiration gave the Godlike Thought.
 " Be *Magna Charta* Britain's dear Delight,
 " Her ardent Thought by Day, her Dream by Night;
 " Let Opposition thrive, 'tis *England's* Balm,
 " Preserves her from the dead lethargick Calm
 " Of lull'd Security, the cordial Bowl,
 " That makes the Blood of Freedom brisker roll;
 " The Constitution warms, makes her Pulse beat
 " With quicker Vigour, and more manly Heat;
 " Not such an Opposition as of late,
 " Tempestuous shook the Welfare of the State;
 " In bold Defiance of their Country's Laws,
 " With Freedom's Name baptiz'd a rebel Cause;
 " With Foes combin'd, and with a *Nero's* Heart,
 " In the weak-bleeding Mother plung'd the Dart;
 " Minutely ransack'd every pleasing Wound,
 " And ardent spread the Rage of Discord round.
 " Not that which on Disgust's rough troubl'd Wave
 " Like the chaf'd Sea made — swell and rave

- “ With all the Malice of a graceless Son,
“ Swear that th’ abandon’d Mother was undone.
“ Tainted each Limb, and poison’d every Part,
“ The Gangrene of Corruption at her Heart;
“ Too weak with conqu’ring *France* to wage the Fight,
“ Her Courage sunk, exhausted all her Might;
“ With Soul to Slavery already broke,
“ With Neck prepar’d to wear the galling Yoke:
“ With Joy he told the Tale, felt Pleasures glow,
“ And seem’d to triumph in his Country’s Woe:
“ Not that which on wild Faction’s Eddies toss’d,
“ His Father’s Plan of Education cross’d,
“ Made ranting —— like a loose babbling Hound,
“ Open at all, and every Scent confound.
“ O!—how wretched is the Gambler’s Lot,
“ King, Country, Friends, and Character forgot!
“ One tyrant Passion swallows all the rest,
“ And rules despotick o’er the prostrate Breast;
“ Dead to all private and all publick Fame,
“ And damn’d in both to everlasting Shame.
“ This Weather-cock of Sense, now high, now low,
“ Just as the Gales of Chance capricious blow.

- " To-day elate, and rais'd with festive Cheer
 " To-morrow sad, and sunk in deep Despair;
 " Like *Milton's* Devils always in Extremes
 " Of piercing Cold, or fierce tormenting Flames.
 " 'Tis thus malignant Fortune treats her Slaves,
 " Dupes they commence, and terminate in Knaves:
 " Not that which makes vain ——— fantastick tread
 " His gaudy Walk, and like a Peacock spread
 " The Plumage of his Speech, with every Hue
 " The Language glares, with yellow, green, and blue.
 " To dress up Fable in the borrow'd Mien
 " Which History wears, in which plain Truth is seen,
 " With Trope and Metaphor, to keep vast Pother,
 " Mountains of Words to heap on one another;
 " When gravest Subjects claim Attention's Ear,
 " The sober Argument, the Judgment clear;
 " To amble on the Palfrey of Romance,
 " O'er Fiction's Realms, and with old *Merlin* dance.
 " This is fine Speaking, this the happy Style
 " To please the Galleries, and the Mob beguile;
 " This ——— shall prove when next he deigns to speak,
 " Loud *Hear him, bear him*, shall Saint *Stephen's* shake.

" Mistaken Notion and Opinion wrong,
 " This is the Diarrhoea of the Tongue;
 " That like a Torrent sweeps through thick and thin,
 " Unable to contain and hold its Babbling in.
 " Not that which makes proud ——— to rant and scold,
 " With Malice steel'd, by Disappointment bold,
 " Nature in him hath so exalted ill,
 " Curs'd with such Pow'rs to act a ranc'rous Will:
 " Whene'er he speaks 'tis *Tully's* flowing Art,
 " But *Tully* damn'd with *Catiline's* black Heart.
 " His Intellect not Heav'n nor Earth can bound,
 " So vast the Height, the Depth is so profound;
 " But gross Material, uninspir'd his Soul,
 " There dreary Thoughts, there black Ideas roll;
 " There cheerless glooms one all-involving Night,
 " No Glimpse of Hope, no Ray of cordial Light;
 " With P—— and P—— pillowing up his Head,
 " With two such *Titans* as Supporters spread;
 " Though dreadful Thunders roar, though Light'nings flash,
 " ——— unmov'd can hear the dismal Crash.
 " Souls made like these, like Eagles brave the Light,
 " Like Eagles soar a bold eccentric Flight;

" To dazzle and surprise, their whole Delight,
 " No God can charm them, and no Devil fright.
 " This World's the *ne plus ultra* of the Sage,
 " Here his lov'd Spot, his last expected Stage;
 " But in the Christian's Creed the Diff'rence mark,
 " This World's an Atom, a mere transient Spark.
 " But Opposition honest, and sincere,
 " Not warp'd by Int'rest, and from Passion clear:
 " Such as made *Hampden* stem the swelling Tide
 " Of lawless Pow'r, and humble *Charles's* Pride;
 " Such as compell'd his Son, with Pleasure drunk,
 " The Dupe of Minions, and the Slave of Punk;
 " To quit his *Bourbon* Friend, on Treach'ry bent,
 " Bevvies of Whores, and Mines of Wealth were sent;
 " To lull the captiv'd King, bold Freedom spoke,
 " And stern Resistance crush'd the slavish Yoke.
 " Exulting *Holland* saw with heart-felt Joy,
 " *England* once more her Patriot Pow'rs employ,
 " Such as pull'd *Bolingbroke* and *Oxford* down,
 " When on its Base hung loose the tott'ring Crown;
 " When *Stuart* Principles on Pinion keen
 " Soar'd high, and Tories lull'd a Bigot Queen.

" Pluck'd venal *Walpole* from his long-held Seat
 " Of plann'd Corruption, made the Fiend retreat,
 " But not his Influence to this luckless Hour;
 " Old *England* feels his wide-spread baneful Pow'r.
 " Such as with honest patriot Vengeance stung,
 " The ————— as a Traitor hung;
 " Made guilty *Jefferies* with cold Horrors shake,
 " See! the cow'd Blood his pallid Cheek forsake.
 " May Freedom still rouse up an ardent Friend,
 " And Knaves of Magnitude thus always end:
 " 'Tis Freedom's Task to watch with jealous Eye
 " Each Motion of the State, and anxious pry
 " Into the Glas of Truth, to shake the Rod
 " O'er peccant Ministers; and should they nod,
 " To goad them in their Sleep; to speed with Zeal
 " Each virtuous Purpose of the publick Weal;
 " But not to join with Foes, exalt their Cause,
 " Commend their Spirit, garnish with Applause
 " The Feats of Rebels, blow the Trump of Fame
 " To *Lee* and *Washington*, but *Clinton* blame:
 " Malign old *England*, revel in her Woes,
 " But lift to Heav'n the Virtue of her Foes.

- " This is not honest Opposition, 'tis the Sore
 " Of Discontent, that with malignant Core
 " Rankles at Heart, and with corrosive Pow'r
 " Turns Freedom's lenient Milk all rank and sour:
 " Curse on such ill-tim'd Zeal! old *England's* Star
 " Malignant shines, and rude domestick jar
 " Divides her Sons, when all should warm unite
 " In one great Cause, and one great Battle fight.
 " Blush, Patriots, blush, hide your diminish'd Heads,
 " Fair Freedom shuns you, and your Country dreads.
 " In a rank Cause by Politicks turn'd sour,
 " Religion acts the Bawd, and pimps to Pow'r:
 " The Jesuit to speed the bloody Plan,
 " With Adulation soothes the destin'd Man:
 " Assumes the Friend the better to betray,
 " Then boldly murders in the Face of Day:
 " When humble — pours his feeling Heart,
 " How smooth the Period, how devoid of Art?
 " Who would not swear his Flock was all his Care,
 " No mean Deceit, no Treach'ry lurking there.
 " Hypocrisy still apes the candid Air,
 " And well-train'd *Maachiavels* all meek appear:

- " Would'st thou forego all Hopes of honest Fame,
" To fordid Lucre prostitute thy Name;
" For Gain, not Glory, draw thy slavish Pen,
" Promiscuous damn the best and worst of Men:
" Like a hir'd Bravo lift thy venal Spear,
" And in the Dark stab'd Reputation tare.
" With Ardour join the Presbyterian Crew,
" And swell the Scandal of the ————
" Like *P*—— and *P*—— big with Nature's Spite,
" Against thy God, thy King, and Country write.
" Would'st thou transgress, and pass the Line of Right,
" Call Virtue Vice, and swear that Day is Night;
" Paint gallant ——— tho' unpension'd great,
" And bravely toiling for a falling State.
" Tho' with rank *Stuart* Blood his Veins abound,
" In him no *Stuart* Principles are found.
" True as the Needle to her darling Pole,
" To well-lov'd *Brunswick* bends his loyal Soul,
" Give him a Heart expanded as the Day,
" Beaming on all alike Heav'n's genial Ray:
" On him kind Nature's softest Milk bestow,
" Make him with Pity melt, with Friendship glow:

- " Let no low grov'ling Lust of sordid Gold,
 " In his free Breast ignoble Empire hold;
 " His Bounty streaming like a rich spring Flood,
 " And never happy, but when doing Good.
 " Rob *Rome* of all her Worth, and plunder *Greece*,
 " To finish *S*—— an accomplish'd Piece.
 " Let no Ambition cloud the fair Design,
 " Sacred to Virtue flow the candid Line;
 " For his poor bleeding Country, plung'd in Woe,
 " Let —— mourn, and Tears incessant flow;
 " Let no rude Passion swell, no Trace appear
 " Of Hint insidious, and malignant Sneer:
 " Let gentle —— the Mirror stand, ——
 " Of lenient Soul, and white unblemish'd Hand,
 " Of bloody Proclamations piteous talk,
 " And feel, or seem to feel, the Tomahawk:
 " Under the scalping Knife be groaning laid,
 " With all Death's Horrors in his Face display'd:
 " In *H*—— sent to bless these latter Days,
 " Let all the Apostles' blended Virtues blaze,
 " Without that mean Attachment to the Purse,
 " That branded *Judas* with a Traitor's Curse.

- " To prostituted ——— benign impart
" A *Cæsar's* Language with a *Cato's* Heart.
" How greatly daring in fair Freedom's Cause,
" The bold Conclusion the stanch Patriot draws;
" O'er sapient ——— spread the learned Bough
" That shades grave Wisdom's all-discerning Brow.
" Talk not of Heaven, or Hell, old Womens Tales,
" More solid Truth the well-read Sage reveals;
" Kens the pure Light thro' Superstition's Smoke,
" And boldly proves Religion all a Joke;
" A Rod to awe weak Souls, th' enlighten'd Wife,
" With Eyes undazzl'd pierce the thin Disguise;
" See honest Nature on herself depend,
" And want no God her Purpose to befriend.
" Compare the ancient with the modern Time,
" When Man's first Age was in its freshest Prime;
" With the full Blossom of fair Virtue big,
" In a rich Soil like a luxuriant Twig,
" From Merit grew, and with abundant Fruit,
" With spreading Arms, and wide superbient Shoot;
" Rear'd its tall Head, the World grown old and sunk
" On the rank Lees of Age, hath lost her Spunk;

- " And we who live almost in Nature's Night
 " With puny Souls, can never reach the Height
 " Of that gigantick Worth, that blaz'd so bright
 " In nobler Days, and shone with cloudless Light.
 " Where are the *Walshingshams* to wield the State,
 " Honest, though poor, in Spite of Fortune, great?
 " Where are the *Drakes* by Thirst of Glory whirl'd
 " To dash the Foe, and shake the trembling World?
 " My *Edwards* and my *Henrys* sleep in Night,
 " But say! with them hath Courage wing'd her Flight?
 " Oft in the Heart of now-insulting *France*,
 " They rear'd the Spear, and couch'd the quiv'ring Lance;
 " Proud *Bourbon* felt their Rage, the *Gallick* Pride
 " Was check'd, and taught in narrower Bounds to ride.
 " Alas! how chang'd, see! wretched and forlorn,
 " The World's great Mistress now become her Scorn:
 " With Blunders heap'd on Blunders deeply curs'd,
 " And the last Folly flagrant as the first.
 " Idly regardless of her Subject Main,
 " Permits e'en *Frenchmen* to dispute her Reign:
 " What Treasures have been sunk, what Legions lost,
 " On bleak *America's* war-shaken Coast!

- “ What have my ~~Heroes~~ perform'd? what Trophies won?
“ High in their Praise the Tide of Favour run;
“ As yet no Laurel with triumphant Bough,
“ Spreads its broad Foliage o'er the Hero's Brow.
“ A rude Militia's Hydra-teeming Head
“ Sunk lofty — prostrate on the Bed
“ Of tame Surrender, pluck'd the Plume of War,
“ *England* still bleeds with the ignoble Scar.
“ Prone in the Dust our wounded Honours lay
“ Like a huge Oak torn from his Bed of Clay;
“ With giant Arm, and Heav'n-invading Head,
“ See! on the Plain the stately Ruin spread;
“ A Chain of sad Events with rueful Length
“ Hath wafted by Degrees our boasted Strength;
“ And the black Moment seems with giant Stride
“ To hasten on, when *England's* lofty Pride
“ Must droop its tow'ring Crest, and sink once more,
“ To that mean paltry State she was before,
“ A dreary, wild, inhospitable Shore,
“ Where Winds, and Waves, and wild Beasts dreadful roar.”

Thus plung'd in Grief, and stung with poignant Woe,
BRITANNIA'S Tears in copious Torrents flow:

But soon recover'ing from her drear Surprise,
 Joy flush'd her Cheeks, Joy sparkled in her Eyes.
 She saw well rang'd along the tented Plain,
 Her firm Militia stretch its martial Train:
 She saw blithe Hope, with Soul-expanding Chest,
 Swell'd her full Heart, and warm'd her ardent Breast;
 And thus in Gratitude she pour'd the Strain,
 Forgot her Anguish for her fav'rite Main:

“ When Men like these defend their Country's Cause,
 “ Freedom shall live, and flourish all her Laws;
 “ *Brunswick* shall still the Sword of Empire wield,
 “ And still like Heroes, *Britons* take the Field.
 “ What Spirit-stirring Verse that glows with Flame,
 “ What for my Friends, my Soldiers, shall I frame?
 “ How paint *Bellona* big with dreadful Charms,
 “ And *England's* Worthies clad in burnish'd Arms?
 “ My Nobles pant for Fame, serene but bold,
 “ Their Country's bleeding Majesty behold:
 “ From rich Domains, and wide well-cultur'd Farms,
 “ Jocund they lead the rustick Youth to Arms,
 “ For their dear Country see them pledge dear Life,
 “ Their splendid Fortune in the glorious Strife;

- " Anxious they stake on Freedom's gen'rous Plan,
 " With Hearts and Hands resolv'd to play the Man.
 " Old *England's* roused Blood with Vengeance glows,
 " And keen Resentment o'er each Bosom flows :
 " Rang'd in the Field see many a brilliant Star,
 " Plucking bright Honour from the Front of War.
 " With Step elate, and panting with Delight,
 " Our *Edwards* thus and *Henrys* march'd to Fight.
 " *Bourbon's* proud Genius shrinks beneath the Gleam
 " Of flashing Arms, and trembles at the Flame
 " Of brandish'd Swords, all tipp'd with angry Fate,
 " Denouncing Vengeance on the *Gallick* State.
 " Let *Cressy's* Field, deep-drench'd in hostile Gore,
 " Tell how Militias dar'd in Days of Yore ;
 " Let *Agincourt* their splendid Deeds proclaim,
 " And well-fought *Poitiers* sound their deathless Fame.
 " On this firm Rock BRITANNIA's Glory rear'd,
 " At home was honour'd, and abroad was fear'd.
 " On this firm Rock our Country now shall stand,
 " And Freedom's Phalanx guard the well-watch'd Land.
 " Great *Alfred* first with pregnant Judgment fraught,
 " Inspir'd by Heav'n, the big Idea caught :

" *Brunswick* pursues the Plan with equal Zeal, "
 " Like *Alfred* glowing for the publick Weal, "
 " Inur'd to Toil, and nurs'd in Hardship's School, "
 " Let arduous Discipline the Soldier rule; "
 " Let him bear Summer Suns, bleak Winter's Cold, "
 " Robust by Climate, and by Temp'rance bold, "
 " Before the Rising of the grey-eye'd Dawn, "
 " Let him the Forest range, and sweep the dewy Lawn; "
 " The hardy Frame all Change of Heav'n defies, "
 " Wind, Storm, and Rain, and rough inclement Skies, "
 " Rouse him to Vigilance by false Alarms, "
 " And by feign'd Battles train to real Arms; "
 " Teach him to run, to leap, with fearless Speed, "
 " Urge down the Precipice the foaming Steed; "
 " Then climb the Cloud-capt Hill, in full Career, "
 " Stop, turn, and fire, then wield the Death-fraught Spear; "
 " Dreadfully flashing in the Face of Day, "
 " With ominous Light, and dread portentous Ray, "
 " Health then shall flush the Cheek with crimson Heat, "
 " The Bosom glow, the Pulse with Vigour beat; "
 " No Fate can fright, no Terrors can alarm "
 " Souls made like these, with Love of Glory warm, "

" Rough is the Way, and rugged is the Road,
 " That leads to Fame, and Honour's bright Abode;
 " Your Fathers went before, their Steps pursue,
 " Keen Perseverance will unfold the Clue
 " To where the Goddess dwells; with Laurels crown'd,
 " Heroes of old her gorgeous Throne surround.
 " In Pleasure's Lap, sunk low in downy Pride,
 " Let soft Voluptuousness your Toils deride;
 " Let letter'd Sloth in fat sequester'd Ease,
 " Secure from watchful Nights and toilsome Days,
 " Hunt Fame another Way, let Courage still
 " Labourious climb steep Difficulty's Hill;
 " Exhaust its Lustihood in active Life,
 " Court the big Danger, love the martial Strife.
 " Such were the Men who bred in rude Alarms,
 " By Dangers form'd, and disciplin'd in Arms;
 " Who with firm Phalanx and well-tutor'd Band,
 " Spread their wide Conquest o'er proud Persia's Land.
 " Darius trembled, pale with ghastly Fear,
 " How durst he face the Macedonian Spear?
 " With Courage steel'd, and wing'd with rapid Death
 " The Weapon flew, and stopt Life's fleeting Breath:

" On Men like these *Rome* built her spreading Fame,
 " Conquer'd the World, and made proud Nations tame;
 " Such once were *Britons*; may the same bright Fire
 " That warm'd the Fathers, now the Sons inspire;
 " With Men like these they boldly dar'd advance
 " Into the Bosom of Fear-thrilling *France*,
 " And pluck'd the Monarch down, on *Henry's* Head
 " See! *Bourbon's* Crown in lofty Triumph spread;
 " The vanquish'd Lilies droop and kiss the Ground,
 " Whilst *England's* Lion sternly stalk'd around:
 " Such Men must conquer, Heav'n with Joy surveys
 " Such glorious Thirst of Fame, such virtuous Lust of Praise;
 " What tho' Misfortune o'er Misfortune rolls,
 " Like Wave impelling Wave, undaunted Souls
 " Weather the Tempest, and superior rise
 " To angry Fate, though Thunder shakes the Skies,
 " Tho' Light'nings flash, tho' the shook World should crack,
 " Fearless the brave Man views the gen'ral Wreck!
 " Courage can die but once, base Cowards fall
 " Each Day, each Hour, and taste the bitter Gall
 " Of tenfold Death, when the cold Breeze of Fear
 " Agues the Frame; the King of Terrours there
 " With all his Horrors stalks, and shakes his pointed Spear.

" Tempests and Clouds oft dreadfully surround
 " Yon brilliant Sun that rides his azure Round.
 " The rude Winds howl, the black Horizon lours,
 " From the burst Cloud the driving Tempest pours,
 " With dismal Yell the angry Welkin roars,
 " And foaming Billows lash the trembling Shores :
 " But soon emerging from the Gloom of Night,
 " With tenfold Lustre shines the golden Light.
 " All Nature feels the Heart-expanding Ray,
 " And basks and wantons in the Blaze of Day,
 " Like that gay Sun from Danger still hath rose,
 " Old *England's* Genius brighten'd by her Foes :
 " The Clouds dispers'd, her Glories fairer shone
 " As the stout Steel is sharpen'd by the Stone.
 " Be as one Man, in one great Cause unite,
 " Your bleeding Country claims your mutual Might.
 " Stand forth the Champions of your Country's Cause,
 " And every *English* Heart shall throb Applause :
 " Join Freedom's Band, to Freedom's Standard press,
 " Undaunted Souls propitious Fates shall bless.
 " Now hear BRITANNIA's last Resolves, attend
 " The warm Effusions of your cordial Friend ;

" To you brave Men, she will her Soul impart,
 " And open all the Sluices of her Heart.
 " Hadst thou an Angel's Face, tho' o'er thy Mien
 " The Graces danc'd, and smil'd the *Paphian* Queen;
 " Tho' thou hadst *Marlbro's* Wealth, and in thy Train,
 " A Thousand Head of Servants didst maintain:
 " Tho' soft Persuasion on thy Lips was hung,
 " Soft as the honey'd Dews of *Mansfield's* Tongue,
 " Tho' thou couldst Verses write which *Louth* would charm,
 " By Heav'n illum'd, with Inspiration warm.
 " Shouldst thou desert thy Post, lay down thy Arms,
 " When Honour calls, when threaten War's Alarms
 " Now that thy Country calls thy Merit forth,
 " Now that thy Country claims thy active Worth.
 " In this great anxious Moment of Distress,
 " With ev'ry Bosom panting for Success;
 " Should now but Heav'n forbid, should dastard Fear
 " Now seize thy Heart, and shake thee with Despair:
 " Shouldst thou so far forget the Pride of Man,
 " The God that made thee, and great Nature's Plan:
 " Should thy funk Pulse beat cowardly Retreat,
 " And thy chill'd Blood lose all the Soldier's Heat:

- “ Detested be thy Name, may every Blot
“ Thy Mem’ry stain, the Shame be ne’er forgot :
“ High on the Gibbet of avenging Rhyme,
“ Thy blasted Fame shall hang to latest Time.
“ Of all thy Countrymen, thou least and worst,
“ Thou abject Wretch, of Wretches most accurs’d ;
“ To heap up every Ill that can befall
“ Benighted Man, in one to lump them all :
“ Be thou, the B——, or —— of the Day,
“ Whilst hooting Crouds pass on, and pointing say,
“ There goes the Man, who, in an evil Hour
“ Forsook his Country, by some dæmon Pow’r
“ Drawn adverse, tell the Tale to Young and Old,
“ In Shame’s black Book, see the black Deed enroll’d ;
“ That warn’d Posterity may learn to shun
“ The deep Damnation ; and with Courage run
“ The Race of gallant Fame ; let coward Fear
“ To *Gallia*’s Coast, with haggard Look repair.
“ Let *Bourbon* slumb’ring on Ambition’s Breast,
“ With Dreams of despot Pow’r be lull’d to Rest ;
“ Let rough Oppression wield her penal Rod,
“ And all his filken Slaves obsequious nod ;

" Let Property there fluctuate on the Blast
 " Of lawless Will, be there the Anchor cast
 " Of willing Slav'ry; with up-lifted Scourge,
 " Let stern Authority her Mandates urge;
 " Whilst smooth Hypocrisy, polite Deceit,
 " With Flatt'ry's Poison gilds the well-hung Bait.
 " Be nobler Views great *Brünswick's* manly Aim,
 " More lofty Passion, more exalted Fame;
 " Be his to follow Freedom's high Behest,
 " And with mild Government make Millions blest;
 " To soothe Distress, and make proud Tyrants bend,
 " *Europe's* firm Guardian, and the World's great Friend;
 " To cheer the Spirit of the publick Cause,
 " To snatch the Welfare of Old *England's* Laws;
 " Not urg'd by wild Ambition's restless Sting,
 " In him, behold! the Freeman and the King.
 " Of mild Demeanour, Foe to specious Fraud
 " (He loves to let his honest Heart abroad);
 " Not all the Trophies of fam'd *Cressy's* Field
 " Can give such Joy, such Heart-felt Raptures yield,
 " As that which flows from Virtue's sold Meed,
 " And the big Triumph of a worthy Deed.

“ The Heaven-led Soul that walks the roseate Ways
“ Of white-rob’d Honour, and unblemish’d Praise,
“ Can know no Fear but that of doing Wrong,
“ Dauntless the Heart that Virtue leads along ;
“ Let Malice bite her Lip, let Faction’s Waves
“ Roll high, tho’ angry Disappointment raves
“ Like falling Streams beneath the rising Swan,
“ Harmless they pass, and but the Surface fan.
“ *Brunswick* superior to the Tempest rides,
“ Whilst *England*’s Weal his manly Conduct guides.”
Thus spoke BRITANNIA, and resum’d the Queen,
With Port majestick, and collected Mien,
Fresh on her Cheek was spread Health’s crimson Rose,
With new-born Hope her panting Bosom glows ;
Expectant of high Deeds she march’d along,
And wish’d her *Britons* might applaud the Song.

11 7 49

F I N I S.

ERRATA.

Page 2. line 12. *for maim'd, read maimed.* p. 5. l. 13. *for great, r. vast.* p. 13. l. 9. *for wond'rous, r. Wonders.* p. 15. l. 12. *for Broil, r. Boil.* p. 17. l. 6. *for Globe, r. Glebe.* p. 18. l. 18. *for Oak, r. Wood.* *ibid.* l. 21. *for brake, r. broke.* p. 20. l. 17. *for Meeds, r. Meads,* p. 22. l. 4. *for try'd, r. cry'd.* p. 24. l. 17. *for Paphan, r. Paphian.* p. 35. l. 17. *r. Whene'er.* p. 41. l. 6. *for ———, r. venal Spenser.* p. 45. l. 19. *for Erom, r. Frum.* p. 56. l. 14. *for snatch, r. watch.* *ibid.* l. 21. *for fold, r. solid.*

N. B. These Verses were composed very soon after the Affair of the twenty-seventh of *July* happened. The Success of that Day by no means answering the Expectations of the Publick; it occurred to the Author, that either the Admirals were exceedingly deficient in their Conduct, or what would have been of far more melancholy Consideration to this Country, that the old *British* Tar Spirit was unfortunately lost. It appears from the Evidence given on the Trial of Admiral *Keppel*, and that Gentleman's honourable Acquittal, that he was right in his Conjecture. If all had performed their Duty, if Signals had been obeyed, if the Battle had been renewed again, (if we may measure the modern by the ancient *British* Spirit) it was an Hundred to One (in the Sportsman's Phrase) but we had taken, burnt, sunk, and destroyed the whole *French* Navy: A Triumph which would have immortalised the Commanders, made the Nation once more great and respectable, and would have been the most meritorious Service that could possibly have been rendered this Country!

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fourth of July happened. The Success of that Day by no means en-
doring the Exaggerations of the Poet; it occurred to the Author, that
either the Admirals were exceedingly distant in their Conduct, or what
would have been of far more melancholy Consequence to this Country,
that the old Dutch Tar-Spirit was unfortunately lost. It appears from
the Evidence given on the Trial of Admiral Keyes, and that Gentleman's
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